

ment of gray and black boundary-wall, chequered like a chess-board, looked with milder, more resigned reprobation upon the raw gash the railway has made in their neighbourhood. The trees in their Square's *Unto* its old houses of mellowed brick, are modern intruders in their estimation.

I found myself once more in Goswell-street, in front of a dancing-school; at least, that seemed to be the weekday vocation of the place, but now it bore a bill inviting "all" to attend the preaching that was going on inside. A depressed-looking woman entered, and I followed her into a narrow passage in a long, narrow room. Very few of the All had accepted the invitation. An old man or two, and about a dozen women and girls were clustered at the top of the room, where a little man in seedy black, standing behind a pulpit like an auctioneer's stall, was giving out hymns. The mild little minister looked like a City Missionary, and his congregation did not much resemble the publicity of their appearance; I could not make out whether he was a preacher of the Gospel or a Reform-Leader, since all of his sermon, or speech, which I had time to wait to hear was this (delivered with clenched fist and in an Athanian voice of world-defying challenge):—"I don't know what you may call such men, but I call them 'turncoats.' You may call them 'sinners'; but I call them 'finedayes'!—Yes, my friends, I repeat it—'FINEDAYES!!' Again I repeat it—'FINEDAYES!!' A costermonger on the bridge with a sprawling heap of coppers, like a shield's boss, in the midst of his big oblong tray of fruit, encouragingly called out, "hear, hear!" But the other outsiders paid small heed to the impassioned rhetorician. Two youths were labouring each other with batons they had formed from poles picked up in the neighbouring hovels. The best firewood out" satirically observed a lounging labourer, as he watched the youngsters stripping off and rolling up a fresh supply. Through dismal Hoxton, whose dolefulness was only relieved by occasional gushes of uncouth perfumes telling of hot early dinner, I found my way to the more genteel district of Canonbury, and so on to the Holloway Road. Now the Church bells were strumming homewards now with their wonted complacent look of consciousness that a duty to respectable society had been performed that a heavy load is once more off their minds. The publicans had been crammed with thirsty souls the instant the swing-doors fell back. Flushed maidens, in their "Sunday best"—some offended, and some tittering—were issuing from the north of Cheapside—retaining their old names, but built up to the heavens with modern architecture—I wandered as at the bottom of a many-galleried, deserted mine. Almost the whole district lay in shade: where a sunbeam fell, they had a melancholy look, as if hopelessly cut off from their fellows. The high-gabled houses, built like a statue beside a corner-post; one loitering woman, who seemed to have come to keep some tyme there, and hurried by in astonished perturbation when the wrong footfall had made her look up on the lonely pavement she had selected; and two white-capped and aproned maid-servants skipping and chattering about a doorstep, and also apparently a expectant company, since one ran over to the other to round the corners of the house, back blushing and giggling. Pickford's great place, the Manchester, and other warehouses, towered silent as unbroken mountains. A fanciful eye could see ghosts of departed aldermen looking out from the dim windows of the City Hall. Organ-music, as if in response to the scanty sunlight that gilded them, beamed in drowsy mystery, like still sleepy Memnon, strains, from the old city church.

A ship's bill issued from St. Margaret's, Lothbury, although the night was full moon: sun-light in which the verger was basking like a fish, he dreamily regarded his vis-a-vis, the blank Bank, gazing its gold like a blind sprawling dragon. Bartholomew-lane was empty, and not a single passenger crossed between its top and the shuttered shops of the Exchange. Throgmorton-street would have been equally empty, had it not been for an antique and decrepit company, since one ran over to the other to round the corners of the house, back blushing and giggling. Pickford's great place, the Manchester, and other warehouses, towered silent as unbroken mountains. A fanciful eye could see ghosts of departed aldermen looking out from the dim windows of the City Hall. Organ-music, as if in response to the scanty sunlight that gilded them, beamed in drowsy mystery, like still sleepy Memnon, strains, from the old city church.

On the police report of *The Times*, July 10th, we read that the Duke of Sutherland, from Adelaide, arrived in the London Dock from Shantell, Saturday night, and was made fast tamely in his cabin. The Monday morning, when a great many persons boarded her to solicit custom from the sailors, and among them were Jew clothiers, crimps, lodging-house-keepers, touts, runners, and others. The prisoner, Joseph Walker, was among them, he went into the forecabin to remove a mariner's chest and effects. A sailor, named George Gray, the butcher of the vessel, and acting as alderman, directed him to leave his vessel. He did so, to pay five per cent., and shipowners could always stand them in their pay. But although Social Science is making rapid strides amongst other working classes, the families of most useful men who are left hopeless through the peculiarities of a sea life, have not had any consideration from those thousands who are rolling in wealth, the result of their labour.

Such state of things cannot last long. The rational way of dealing with the subject would be if the British working-men is to sacrifice two or three gallons of beer a week for any object, it must be for some object, and nothing else, and nothing else to himself than providing money for some old working-men, and the working men know it. Some of them who are keenly sensitive as to the difficulty of selecting representatives from their own body, no less keenly feel the objections which might be urged against the choice of men whose advocacy of working-men's rights has not been unprofitable to themselves. They may not find their own class to represent them, they may not be well represented by any manufacturer or anything else, but by such persons as Mr. Rogers or Mr. Potter.

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towards the land, while the port division turned seaward, and the fleet was very soon in two good lines following close after the frigate, the *Auckland* and City of Adelaide, lying about two ship's lengths distant—the former on the Galatea's port-quarter and the latter on her starboard quarter. It was nearly three o'clock, and the two divisions of the fleet being prepared to fire, in addition to the fact that the tide was sufficiently high to allow the noble frigate to pass the shallowest part of the channel, the whole went full speed ahead, and entered the harbour at half-past 3 o'clock. At this time the rain had ceased, temporarily, and the atmosphere was once more clear. As the fleet entered the Heads and opened the harbour the sight was very imposing, and was well worth a good deal of inconvenience and discomfort to witness. The Galatea, steaming majestically on in front; the two divisions of steamships, embracing the largest, fastest, and finest in the colonies, following closely; the second division of the fleet steamed, anchored off Watson's Bay, all preparing to start and follow in the wake of the first division; the yachts of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and of the Prince Alfred Club, which were at anchor off Shark Island from noon until the last of the Royal Sydney Squadron had passed Shark Point. The Australian, bearing Vice-Commander Strickland's flag, then made the signal, "Follow me in line," which was obeyed; and after giving the senior club sufficient time to get a good distance ahead, the Prince Alfred's followed in their wake. The display of yachts was one of the features of the reception, especially as no other Australian colony can boast of a yacht club, and few ports (if any) out of England, could muster so many. After passing between Fort Denison and the Galatea, each yacht rounded under her stern and saluted. The greater number of them then stood into Farm Cove, and took up positions, to take part in the illuminations at night.

THE YACHTS.
The yachts of the R.S.Y.S. took up their assigned position between Shark Point and Shark Island, about 2 o'clock, under the command of Commodore Dangar; and as soon as the last of the steam flotilla had passed George's Head, the Xerifa, bearing the Commanding Officer's pennant, weighed anchor, and stood down the harbour, followed by eleven other yachts belonging to the Prince Alfred Club, which were at anchor off Shark Island from noon until the last of the Royal Sydney Squadron had passed Shark Point. The Australian, bearing Vice-Commander Strickland's flag, then made the signal, "Follow me in line," which was obeyed; and after giving the senior club sufficient time to get a good distance ahead, the Prince Alfred's followed in their wake. The display of yachts was one of the features of the reception, especially as no other Australian colony can boast of a yacht club, and few ports (if any) out of England, could muster so many. After passing between Fort Denison and the Galatea, each yacht rounded under her stern and saluted. The greater number of them then stood into Farm Cove, and took up positions, to take part in the illuminations at night.

HARBOUR ILLUMINATIONS.
At about 7 o'clock in the evening the rain ceased, and for a time there were hopes that the Clerk of the Weather—having sufficiently relieved his proverbially cynical feelings by drenching the boys and enthusiastic crowds who were bent on doing honour to his Royal Highness—would refrain from throwing a damp on the festivities of the evening. The hopes were fallacious, however, for no sooner were the illuminations begun than the rain poured down with redoubled violence, the wind veering to the north-east and blowing very hard. At one time the downpour was so vehement that it seemed almost fierce enough to quench not merely the flames of bonfires and lanterns, but the less quenchable sparks of loyalty which animated each breast. No amount of rain, however, was able to damp the ardour of the enthusiastic public. Despite the drenching rain, the chilling wind, and the other concomitant discomfits, the shores and waters of the harbour were studded with spectators. The various points were lined with people, and ships and steamers, for the most part well filled with passengers, were plying about in all directions. Had the weather been more propitious, the illuminations would have been magnificient; but, notwithstanding all drawbacks, the scene was most picturesque and beautiful. The waters were lit up with the glitter of countless variegated fires; rockets shot up into the air incessantly from all sides; bonfires were blazing on every prominent headland, and all the forts were wreathed in lurid flames. There were about twenty vessels moored in the vicinity of Fort Denison, and on each of them blue lights and coloured fires were burnt, and rockets repeatedly fired. No accident happened; and that the rain somewhat marred the effect of the general lighting up, the whole demonstration formed a very imposing spectacle. The various landing places at the Circular Quay were crowded with people, up to a late hour of the evening, and after 10 o'clock there were groups of zealous sightseers to be found in the vicinity of Fort Macquarie waiting apparently to watch the last blaze of the illumination due.

THE SOUTH HEAD.
The southern headland of Port Jackson was yesterday visited by many thousands of people anxious to witness the naval reception of the Galatea, and wave from the rugged cliffs a welcome to the Son of our Queen. At an early hour many vehicles, public and private, were on the road which, during the whole of the morning, was thronged, and by 2 o'clock it seemed as though all the cars, coaches, and carriages of the city had been engaged in the same service. There were about two thousand horsemen and equerries. Carriers' carts and furniture vans were brought into the field, together with the drays of agriculturists, whose side-plates told of Petersham, Ashfield, Burwood, and other places more remote. The occupants of these certainly looked as though they inhabited a fruitful land, and had much better times in Australia than their Northern brethren of old, who, according to a Saxon chronicler, found that to till the ground was but to plough the sea. But nine or ten thousand people, spread over two miles of coast, do not give the appearance of a crowd, especially when seen with the ocean for a perspective.

It is evident that the favour of "Queen's weather" is not heretical. The rain beat with great force on the cliffs and sandstone domes. Dark clouds threw a sombre haze over the scene. There appeared little chance of a good view being obtained. It seemed much more likely that the Galatea and her attendant steamers would be completely enveloped in smoke and fog. The rain set in steadily, and objects were scarcely visible a quarter of a mile from the shore. Many of the would-be spectators repaired to their carts, carriages, and omnibuses. Some continued their *tit-a-tat* under glistening rocks, some in tilted carts and covered vans. Many stood their ground, and the thousands of umbrellas and oilskins produced showed that their proprietors were only experiencing what they had anticipated. When the first division of steamers left the harbour to meet the Galatea the rain had almost ceased, and the boats were more than half way to the shore. The eyes of the monster were very admirably represented, the shading of the colours—green, black, and red—being exceedingly effective. The hull consisted of twenty-five ship's boats, over each of which, from stem to stern, rows of lanterns were hung. A number of men inside the Yamba was stationed at the bows, and as the monster moved along it was made to spit forth a shower of rockets and other descriptions of fireworks, while the boat astern made an immense display of a similar character. The vessel was towed by the Adelais, but this was not perceptible at a distance. Three or four steamships, and a large number of small boats crowded with excursionists, escorted the serpent, and the people loudly cheered its progress, as did also the occupants of the ships by which the monster glided.

THE IMMIGRATION QUESTION.
To the Editor of the Herald.
Sir,—Although New South Wales appears to have been of late years somewhat apathetic respecting the importance of an increased influx of capital and labour to its soil, it is otherwise in Canada, the United States, and other parts of America, where, despite the enormous number of immigrants and labourers who have annually immigrated to the new world, the cry is still for more. American, and throughout the entire world, the cry is for more. The most novel and extraordinary feature in the illuminations was a huge representation of a fiery dragon. The A. S. N. Co.'s steamer Yamba was enclosed on both sides by transparencies, which formed a very striking and minutely accurate picture of the popular notion of a dragon—the eyes, scales, claws, teeth, and ears of the monster being well-proportioned and clearly discernible even at a considerable distance. The length of the figure was one hundred and two feet, and the height at the head (in the bow of the vessel) was twenty-six feet. The jaws were about sixteen feet long, and they were distended so as to leave an aperture for the mouth of from six to seven feet. The eyes of the monster were very admirably represented, the shading of the colours—green, black, and red—being exceedingly effective. The hull consisted of twenty-five ship's boats, over each of which, from stem to stern, rows of lanterns were hung. A number of men inside the Yamba was stationed at the bows, and as the monster moved along it was made to spit forth a shower of rockets and other descriptions of fireworks, while the boat astern made an immense display of a similar character. The vessel was towed by the Adelais, but this was not perceptible at a distance. Three or four steamships, and a large number of small boats crowded with excursionists, escorted the serpent, and the people loudly cheered its progress, as did also the occupants of the ships by which the monster glided.

The F. and G. Company's steamships Avoca and Bombay, which were model of Fort Denison, were beautifully illuminated, with lanterns stung in the rigging, and placed at short intervals along the bulwarks, thus defining the outlines of the vessels. The Avoca had double lines of lanterns extending from the water up to her masts, and presented a most brilliant appearance. The Bombay was similarly decorated, but had no lanterns, and did not extend above the hull, round the upper works of which there was a double row of lights, among which some coloured fires were displayed at intervals with good effect. From the deck a perceptible ascent of rockets, bouquets, and serpents was kept up for about an hour. The Panama and New Zealand Bell Company's steamship Kaioura was moored a few fathoms inside of the Avoca, and was illuminated with lanterns, extending along the hull, and hanging from the rigging. The Vernon training ship looked very well, her ports being illuminated, and the outlines of her hull shown.

The different forts in the harbour took a conspicuous part in the general display. Blue and red lights were alternately burnt at Dantes Bay in the early part of the night, but at the time announced for the illuminations the lighthouse the immense concourse could not refrain from the gaudy display of which it was the way of many to witness. The vessel came abreast of the lighthouse, and the distance rendered a sudden growth of fungi must have had a peculiar effect when seen from the ocean, and might remind one of mythological tales. They, however, are past.

"No more by sea or bubbling fountains clear,
The Naiad tries her tresses in the sun."

Our sea-angels are of a more impure and evil kind. Still it is possible that, to the eye of a sailor, the modern Galatea has as many charms and grace as those discovered by Acius in the faired goddesses who spurned the love of Polymelus. When the vessel came abreast of the lighthouse the immense concourse could not refrain from the gaudy display of which it was the way of many to witness. The vessel came abreast of the lighthouse, and the distance rendered a sudden growth of fungi must have had a peculiar effect when seen from the ocean, and might remind one of mythological tales. They, however, are past.

The whole scene formed an excellent indication of one aspect of the changes of a century. It is not yet a hundred years since this colony was discovered by the great Yorkshirian, who circumnavigated the globe, and his mission for discovery sacrificed his life. A few miles from this spot he landed. He found an untried soil, and a small group of aborigines whose style of undress was the early *adama*, and whose adorance consisted of oclure, boomerangs, and spears. Yesterday 'thousand people with English minds and manners, and full of loyal feelings, covered the old hunting ground of one of the native tribes, and raised three hearty British cheers for the son of Briton's Queen.

The whole had passed the outer lighthouse, which remained one forcibly of the renowned Winkles. The whole group, however, formed a very pleasing part of the spectacle. From the Gap away the horsemen went to the harbour, the road being the way of the *Red Diamond* at the bottom of the picture. All the principal houses on the height overlooking the Circular Quay were illuminated with gas or candles in the windows, and the transparency of the Royal Arms was exhibited over the eastern entrance to the Commissioner's Store. At the North Shore, the verandahs and balconies of many of the houses were beautifully ornamented with Chinese lanterns, nearly the whole of the houses at Kirribilli Point being thus distinguished. The arrangement of the colours was very tasteful, and the display, if it did not dazzle by its brilliancy, did at any rate claim by its beauty.

The boats of the Prince Alfred Yacht Squadron were moored (next to the Royal Yacht Squadron) on the eastern side of Farm Cove, and from these coloured fires were displayed, roman candles, and numerous discharged. The boats were decorated with Chinese lanterns, and coloured lamps of various kinds. A number of sailing vessels were stationed from Kirribilli Point and Bradley's Head, and from these great displays of fireworks were exhibited. Our vessel was brilliantly lit up with blue, green, and red fire, from the midst of which roman candles sent forth continual showers of luminous balls, and rockets shot into the air from time to time. The Globe (barque), the Alice Cameron (barque), the Titan (barque), and other vessels also contributed considerably to the success of the demonstration. Many of the ships lying at the Circular Quay were brilliantly illuminated. Among these were the *Parliament*, the *Robert Sayers*, the *Sovereign*, the *John Duthie*, the *Christiana Thompson*, and others. Several of the small steamers which were plying about with passengers were well lit up with lanterns, bengal and blue

lights, and variegated fires. From some showers of set others and other fireworks were discharged.

On board each vessel there were large numbers of people, and each ship was gaily decorated with flags.

THE FLEET AT ANCHOR.

The yachts of the R.S.Y.S. took up their assigned position between Shark Point and Shark Island, about 2 o'clock, under the command of Commodore Dangar; and as soon as the last of the steam flotilla had passed George's Head, the Xerifa, bearing the Commanding Officer's pennant, weighed anchor, and stood down the harbour, followed by eleven other yachts belonging to the Prince Alfred Club, which were at anchor off Shark Island from noon until the last of the Royal Sydney Squadron had passed Shark Point. The Australian, bearing Vice-Commander Strickland's flag, then made the signal, "Follow me in line," which was obeyed; and after giving the senior club sufficient time to get a good distance ahead, the Prince Alfred's followed in their wake. The display of yachts was one of the features of the reception, especially as no other Australian colony can boast of a yacht club, and few ports (if any) out of England, could muster so many. After passing between Fort Denison and the Galatea, each yacht rounded under her stern and saluted. The greater number of them then stood into Farm Cove, and took up positions, to take part in the illuminations at night.

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At 9 o'clock, the hour specified for the conclusion of the display, the Galatea, which up to that time had been enveloped in darkness, was most brilliantly illuminated: Bengal lights lit up each porthole, yardarm, and masthead, every flame bursting forth exactly at the same moment. The Vernon was also illuminated in the same way.

H.M.S. GALATEA.

Early yesterday morning a telegram was received from Kima that the Galatea was passing that port, and an hour later she was in sight from Wollongong, all eyes were therefore anxiously directed towards Fort Phillip signal station, and at 11 a.m. the signal of a man-of-war from Hobart Town, being hoisted, announced the arrival of the Galatea's port-quarter and the latter on her starboard quarter. It was nearly three o'clock, and the two divisions of the fleet being prepared to fire, in addition to the fact that the tide was sufficiently high to allow the noble frigate to pass the shallowest part of the channel, the whole went full speed ahead, and entered the harbour at half-past 3 o'clock. At this time the rain had ceased, temporarily, and the atmosphere was once more clear. As the fleet entered the Heads and opened the harbour the sight was very imposing, and was well worth a good deal of inconvenience and discomfort to witness. The Galatea, steaming majestically on in front; the two divisions of steamships, embracing the largest, fastest, and finest in the colonies, following closely; the second division of the fleet steamed, anchored off Watson's Bay, all preparing to start and follow in the wake of the first division; the yachts of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and of the Prince Alfred Club, which were at anchor off Shark Island from noon until the last of the Royal Sydney Squadron had passed Shark Point. The Australian, bearing Vice-Commander Strickland's flag, then made the signal, "Follow me in line," which was obeyed; and after giving the senior club sufficient time to get a good distance ahead, the Prince Alfred's followed in their wake. The display of yachts was one of the features of the reception, especially as no other Australian colony can boast of a yacht club, and few ports (if any) out of England, could muster so many. After passing between Fort Denison and the Galatea, each yacht rounded under her stern and saluted. The greater number of them then stood into Farm Cove, and took up positions, to take part in the illuminations at night.

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PRINCE GORTCHAKOFF.

The Examiner gives the following sketch of the Russian Premier:

Prince Alexander Gortchakoff is at the present time the most prominent, and perhaps, on the whole, the most popular, man in Russia. His elevation was sudden, very sudden. His admirers are pleased to say that he was always a great man, marked out by nature for an illustrious and useful life; but ordinary persons, in the habit of looking closely at facts, do not consider that his promotion was due to any extraordinary merits of his own. The fact is that no sooner were the days of mourning for the late emperor ended than his successor, who had always been kept very tightly in hand during his father's life, felt an ardent longing for freedom and authority. He particularly disliked Count Nesselrode, who had often been the involuntary instrument of his father's severity; and, as soon as it was decent or possible, the greatest minister who ever guided the fortunes of Russia was summarily dismissed. The new Emperor at once set about undoing everything that had been done during the late reign. He amazed and alarmed his intimates by talking to them familiarly of the emancipation of the serf as a thing upon which he had so completely determined that further controversy on the subject was entirely needless. In vain some of the boldest urged upon the Czar's attention, the apparent danger of a step which had daunted even the brave heart of his father; in vain some of the oldest generals threw themselves passionately at his feet, and besought his Majesty at least to wait till they were dead before he plunged the country into bloodshed and anarchy. In vain the nobility, and the usurers to whom they owed money, besieged the presence chamber with protests against their impending ruin. The Emperor, who is understood to have drunk a great deal of champagne at this period, paid no sort of attention to the fashionable remonstrances of that troubled time. His Majesty even went further,—talked about free speech and free writing, and half promised a constitution. The old inhabitants of St. Petersburg and Moscow were astounded at the boldness of the pamphlets and caricatures which were openly exposed in the shop windows. The Ministers were freely attacked, their accounts with the Treasury questioned and censured, their dismissal demanded. The Czar himself fared no better than they, as he was sketched as a tipsy droshky driver, insensible, but jolly, on his box, while his brother, the Grand Duke Constantine, held the reins on the passenger seat behind, and seemed bent on goading the wildly galloping horses into mischief.

Such was the state of things within a year after the utter collapse of all things Russian had broken the stern heart of Nicholas. The new Emperor was resolutely bent on winning popularity and having his way; but there was no man in authority sufficiently powerful willing to give it to him. Under these circumstances he turned, as meane men have done before him, to his wife for counsel; and as it very often happens that ladies by no means view public events in the same serious light as they appear to their husbands, the Emperor at once found a solution of the difficulty. It chanced that while wandering some years previously about her native Germany, and waiting to share the throne of which she had then no very near prospect, she met with a man who commanded at once her respect and sympathy. This was the Russian Minister at the petty court of Stuttgart. Like most diplomats at small courts he had a grievance; but he bore it so magnificently as to take a Crown Princess's breath away. She listened, nothing loath, to the story of harsh, bitter words spoken and written by those whom she knew well could write and utter them. She and her husband themselves had often quaked under the taunts of the Czar and his grim minister. They were indeed very dreadful bogies to the poor lady, and it relieved her mind not a little to talk over them stealthily, as bowbeaten and weary women will talk with a safe friend who has won their confidence. The Princess's new ally was indeed just the sort of man who always does enter very readily into the heart of women. He had a remarkably good opinion of himself; and expressed himself so confidently as to his own merits that it would not have been polite or possible for any Princess to entertain a doubt upon the subject. His language had a turgid pomp which might pass for eloquence, and there was something at bottom chivalric and lovable about the man. But his great point was his religion,—about that there could be no question. His orthodoxy was his strong point; and the Empress, who, though German bred, had long been in the hands of Greek priests, surrendered her esteem at once to him. As she usually travelled with a party of clergymen, more or less numerous, and as most German capitals are snug little centres of Russian society, the tea-table councils of which Prince Gortchakoff formed part began to be very numerous. They were, of course, watched, as it is the penalty of princes to be; and Nicholas grew angry. He did not hesitate to declare his opinion openly that Alexander was merely a theatrical and absurd man, whose rhodomantade might get him into mischief. Fortunately, however, the Emperor himself was a devout man, and the influence of the clergy, which was unremittingly used, succeeded, after some time, in pacifying him. To the last, however, he could never hear the name of his Minister at Stuttgart without a wry smile; and every effort was made, and made in vain, to procure his appointment to a higher post.

Such was the man who was now selected by the joint influence of the Empress and the priesthood to fill the highest dignity in the empire. At first there was great opposition to an appointment so unexpected. Baron Brunow appeared to be most in the minds of impartial men. He was strongly supported by Prince Woronzow, the mightiest of the Emperor's lieutenants; and the Baron's diplomacy in London was admitted on all hand to have been a masterpiece of good management. There was a powerful party for Prince Orloff, and some talk of Count Kisloff, and even for a time of the caustic and unlucky Prince Menzchikoff. But against such a clique as that organised in favour of Prince Gortchakoff no competitor had really any chance at all. A last snub was given to Count Nesselrode by removing Creptovitch from London and Boutevitch from Constantinople. Baron Brunow returned with new honours to his old post; and the rest of the present Chancellor's rivals disappeared from the minds of men.

Prince Menzchikoff, who had probably the least chance throughout, resented his defeat most bitterly; but disappointed politicians are proverbially ill-tempered, and no one paid any attention to this old gentleman's sarcasms and bitter speeches. It has been, and still is, the fashion to assert in Russia that the Empress has no real influence at all; and that the Czar and his wonderful Minister are the beginning, middle, and end of Muscovite statecraft. But this

is mere pretence. The Empress is one of those ladies who are not the less powerful for keeping a great deal out of sight. She has been for some years an invalid, and does not love a crowd; but her authority is unimpaired. She is an excellent, fanatical, obstinate woman, of mild, persuasive manners, and appears much weaker of will than she is, for she resists whatever displeases her in a passive, but determined way. Both she and her favourite are entirely given over to the Chancery party, and are merely instruments in their hands. It is thus really to the intrigues of singularly superstitious and illiterate clergy that may be traced much of the trouble and bickering we have with Russia. The Empress sends money and honours indirectly to many of the most violent agitators in the Levant, who prevent the righteous and peaceful settlement of the Greek question by action for which the majority of the population are unprepared. She is also worked upon by the crowds of pretended patriots, who have no object at all but to get money from her. She is accused even of having interfered in a vexatious female way with the fierce issues of the Sepoy revolt in India. Her agents certainly do more than she can comprehend or authorise; and they are a great deal too active in providing her and her sanctimonious courtiers with tea-table talk and indignation meetings. The Emperor himself does not take much part in the government of his subjects. When pushed to do a thing, he does it simply and at once. He does not count difficulties, and he is too unimaginative to foresee them. He lives in great intimacy with a few chosen associates, and is rather inclined to dislike any other business than that which reaches him in the form of news. He is affectionate and faithful in his friendships; having been on brotherly terms all his life with most of his habitual companions. It is a pity that they are such a thristless society of players. What with cards and gossip, they have little leisure for politics, and the subject is tabooed among them. It is not to be supposed from anything here said that Prince Gortchakoff is a cipher. That would be very far from the truth. Upon questions unconnected with Church affairs he may be considered the supreme ruler of nearly 80,000,000 of human beings. Except for a few places at St. Petersburg and Moscow, his clerical friends do not make any very great demands upon his patronage, and he is driven to none of the hard expedients which torment a British premier. He does practically just what he pleases; and it is fortunate for other nations besides the one he rules that it generally pleases him to do well.

LADIES' PETS.

(From the London Review.)

It is almost impossible to enter society without encountering ladies' pets. The name is doubtless suggestive enough, yet it is liable to many misinterpretations. A lady's pet may mean anything. A dog, a bird, a horse, or a squirrel might be as easily understood by the term as a man. Yet it is certain that when we talk of ladies' pets, we mean nothing more nor less than men. There is a vast variety of ladies' pets. It is not to be disputed that there are some ladies who insist upon making pets of men wiser than themselves. They have nothing more to do with them. The hapless man who is forced into being the recipient of the smiles and glances and signs of a general feminine partiality, is to be pitied, not despised. Those who know what he has to endure will feel for him. It is not as if he could help himself. He may have achieved a reputation for doing what he never even so much as meditated. He may be good-looking, without any desire that his looks should invite so penal a favouritism. He may have a becoming address, or waltz neatly, or have a white hand, or a small foot, or prospects, or money. The steady purpose with which ladies insist upon petting him is dreadful. He unwillingly provoked his fate wherever he goes. We do not say that there are many such men. Yet few who know life well can have failed to detect their existence. They are admirable in a multitude of points. They have unconsciously committed the sin of being pleasing, and they have to expiate their error by enduring the petting of ladies. With these we have nothing to do. We repeat, that they are to be pitied, not despised.

But the creature upon whom we have a few remarks to offer is of a very different kind. It is obvious that ladies are not silly enough to make pets of men who have not one single merit with which they can recommend themselves. Generally, however, it will take one a long time to discover what this merit is. This is only natural, considering that most often this merit happens to be a question of personal appearance, and tastes, we all know, are curiously prone to differ. The most ordinary kind of ladies' pet is the individual to be met out at evening parties. A quick observer can detect him at a glance. There he stands, with his marvellously-parted hair, his immaculate necktie, which kept him such a dreary while before the looking-glass; a simpering smile upon his lips, the precursor of a flood of silly talk when occasion shall demand him to prove his right to connect himself with his kind by the exercise of his tongue. Watch him for a few moments after he has entered: he stands awhile looking around him, alternating his glances at the company with glances into the nearest mirror. Now he approaches a group of ladies. There is no diffidence in his address. There is a sober certainty of being delightedly received which animates his manner with a species of impertinence truly commendable. By-and-by you will have some of these ladies tapping him with their fans. Wherever he goes he is greeted with parted lips disclosing shining teeth—false or natural. He considers he has a right to display that kind of frivolous officiousness which, in most men, would be resented as a liberty. He resembles a very bad sort of spoilt child. He has generally penetration enough, however, to know his friends from his foes. Some girls he would no more dare approach than a Channel pilot would approach the Goodwin Sands. If he strikes upon good sense he is helplessly shipwrecked.

Ladies are very capricious in their choice of pets. Observers may remark that middle age, from the frequency of its selection, seems most preferable. A well-dyed man is not unfrequently found to be a pet. He may be in the army—a colonel. *En parentheses*, we may observe that the army yields more pets than any other pursuit. He may be married. But what of that? The wife of this kind of ladies' pet will generally be found a little weak-eyed woman, very suggestive of having a story attached to her, inclined to dismal emotional displays when her husband approaches her, and when she thinks people are looking. But she never interferes with him, and in justice to him it must be confessed that he very seldom seems to interfere with her. In spite of the proximity of his wife, his eyes will generally be found to possess a strange, anti-comical expression. He throws his head

back when he laughs, and is fond of whispering in ears—especially ears that overlook a full and feebly-clad neck and shoulders. His wife has a pet name for him, which he does not resent, and by which he is known amongst the ladies. He will be sometimes found old-fashioned in his manners. There is a kind of movement about him suggestive of those times when Bath and Tunbridge Wells were places of fashionable resort. He has a lively recollection of the "Rolland" and can quote it. He has known, or feigns to have known, men whose names are daily growing historical. This, though a tacit confession of his years, he never seems to consider from that point of view; yet it is certain that the deadliest insult you can offer him will be to hint at the facilities colour of his hair, or deliberately remind him of his birthday. Time, however, is confessed in his way of dancing. He is perhaps the only man in the room who could walk a minut. He elaborates the movements of a quadrille with singular solemnity; but when the figure is over, his lolling head, his ogling eyes, his moving lips, his crossed legs, his chain-dangling fingers, proclaim him to have relaxed into the demeure and the language which have won for him the honourable and manly title of a ladies' pet.

Women are accountable for a great deal; if for nothing else, for having originated ladies' pets. Were it possible to be serious for a moment over such a subject, might not the origin of such a feminine creation be attributable to the antinomian feeling which it seems the sex entertain against men? Shall we be considered idly philosophical if we perceive the formation of ladies' pets was the expression of that revolt against men which women are ever making, and which they conceive they can best carry out by degrading our sex to their utmost? We narrow their sphere of action; they cannot limit ours, but they make as many of its operators as absurd as they possibly can. There is not a single male creature who has been made a coxcomb through the admiration of women that we do not interpret into the expression of a protest against the ascendancy of our sex. It is a subtle philosophy, and we pay women a high compliment

by conceiving them capable of planning and executing it. Whatever serves to make men ridiculous necessarily helps to heighten by comparison the character of women. Considered thus, ladies' pets will not be thought so contemptible as they may at first appear.

FORCIVE me, says a correspondent of the *Aberdeen Herald*, referring again to that wretched John Brown scandal. To tell people who live so near Balmoral what the simple truth of the matter is may be difficult, but, however, this is what was told me, on what I may even call in confidence, to a friend of mine. Her Majesty has a great dislike to circumambulations of doing business. Instead of going to A, whose duty it is to go to B, who in his turn communicates with C, who refers to D, and so on down to Z, the very much prefers to get at Z alone. On the royal yacht for example, if she wants a thing in the steward's department, although the steward is a person of great influence, she gives commands to him rather than to the captain. Until she has done this, however, she always comes down to the house with the labels even written in her own hand. Brown has been for a long time very much esteemed by the Queen, and was also very much esteemed by the Prince, because everything that is done to him is sure to be well done, and her Majesty therefore very frequently gives him her commands. This is the principal reason why she has a great dislike to circumambulations of doing business.

"I wonder," said a Scotch maiden, "what my brother John sees in the ladies that likes them so well. For my part, I had nae gie the company o' ony lad for twenty lasses."

A man advertised for a wife, and requested each candidate to enclose her carte-de-visite. A spirited young lady wrote to the advertiser in the following terms:— "I am sorry I have not a carte, for though there is no such authority for putting one before a house, I know of none for putting one before an ass."

A Canadian of French extraction came over to visit the Exhibition in Paris, and was hospitably received into a French family for a month. One night he entered the bedroom of his host, picked a lock with consummate address, and extracted securities payable to bearer worth 55,000 francs, with their coupons attached. After the act he retired to rest, and in the morning, having left Paris by the rail-way, and reaching Liverpool, he left his host's house, and took a steamer for America. If I succeed in getting this to his violins, it is a

horrible thing to think of him as a forced loan.

W. LARMER.

DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.—M. MOSS

AND CO., Agents, Wnyard-lane.

VICTORIA HOTEL, SYDNEY.

W. L. CASTRAY, A. C. General.

Commissioner Office, Sydney, 11th January, 1868.

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